PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. ONE, NO. SEVEN CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 22, 1926 TEN CENTS

WHITE SOX JINX STILL ABALONE LEAGUE FEATURE

By BILLY ARGO

In the first game at Abalone Park Sunday the White Sox took their jinx on the field with them, and in spite of hard fighting came out the short end of a 6 to 1 score, the winning Pirates holding them to one run in the sixth. Early in the game Fred Godwin with two men on bases clouted a homer into deep left field, and scored three runs. The Pirates showed big league stuff when they pulled off the first triple play of the season, throwing out Josephine Dibrell at first, touching Tanner between second and third, and retiring Coffey on a fly ball.

Frenchy Murphy and Don Hale tried in vain to stop the slaughter, but the sight of the Shamrock catcher, Bob Leidig, pitching for the Pirates paralyzed the Sox, who now occupy the cellar in the Herald Trophy series.

The league-leading Shamrocks met the Reds, and went down before Godwin's boys to the tune of 9 to 6. The leaders made a promising start, when Jimmy Hopper hit to center field with the bases full and two runs crossed the plate. The Reds got one run in their half of the first when Harrison Godwin hit a two-bagger and Vic Renslow got to second on a bunt and Harrison came home. In the third Godwin bunted safely, Renslow showed the greenshirts how to get to second once more on a bunt, and the observant George Ball dropped the third bunt in bases full, Berkey walked two batters, and the Reds scored five runs. With the Shamrock infield making errors and front of the pitcher's box as Godwin charlestoned around third. With the

(Turn to Page Twelve)

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

	W	L	Pct.
SHAMROCKS	5	2	.714
REDS	4	3	.571
PIRATES	4	3	.571
BEARS	3	4	.429
TIGERS	3	4	.429
WHITE SOX	2	5	286

RESULTS OF SUNDAY'S GAMES
PIRATES, 6; WHITE SOX, 1
REDS, 9; SHAMROCKS, 6
TIGERS, 13; BEARS, 2

GAMES NEXT SUNDAY
REDS vs. BEARS, 1:15 p.m.
PIRATES vs. TIGERS, 2:30 p.m.
SHAMROCKS vs. WHITE SOX, 3:45 p.m.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER COMING TO CARMEL

John D. Rockefeller, somewhat prominently known in these United States, is at present in Pasadena and it is reported that he contemplates a visit to the Monterey peninsula, probably making the Pebble Beach lodge his headquarters.

JEANNE EAGELS BUYS PEBBLE BEACH PROPERTY

Jeanne Eagels, who has been starring in "Rain", now playing in San Francisco, has purchased three acres of land in Pebble Beach where she intends to build a home. Miss Eagels will spend as much of her time as possible on the peninsula.

AMERICAN IN CHINESE OFFICIAL SERVICE HERE

L. C. Arlington, assistant postmaster general of the Chinese republic, was one of the distinguished visitors to Carmel over the past week-end, the guest of H. J. Morse.

Arlington, who is one of the number of Americans who hold high positions in the Chinese government, has his official headquarters at Pekin. He was born in San Francisco, but has lived in China for fifty years. He speaks several of the Chinese dialects and is considered one of the most valuable aids the present Chinese government has in its service.

Arlington expects to return to Carmel before finally going back to his official duties in China.

IF YOU ARE NOT A BANKER YOU WALK—IN CZECHO SLOVAKIA

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

It would be so easy to begin this interview with —"Carmel is as lovely as any place in Europe," says Dr. Vladimir Moravek. He did say so. But that's been done so often! Carmel people who go traveling, as well as visitors who come here for the first time, all say more or less the same thing. There can hardly be a loyal Carmelite who hasn't heard or read this statement many times. It's really getting to be somewhat like the "man bites dog—that's news" idea. If ever I see an item in the paper that a Carmelite assures the reporters of the Riviera that the particular spot on it he happens to be in is as beautiful as Carmel, then I shall feel "that's news".

Never having talked to any one with the purpose of writing up a s.c. interview, I don't know the rules, so I'll just have to amble on as best I can. In the first place, Dr. Moravek is an assistant professor in the Department of Physiology of the Masaryk University, which is in Brno (and don't think I've left out any vowels because I assure you I haven't!) and Brno is in Czecho-Slovakia, a place you quite possibly hadn't heard much of before the World War, but surely have since then. It's an interesting country where, according to Dr. Moravek, people don't work so hard as they do in America, nor take their work quite so seriously. That, it seems to me, sounds like an attractive place to live! But wait—"Only bankers and big manufacturers can afford to own automo-

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

HERE'S CHANCE TO GET INTO COMIC OPERA CAST

If you are a young woman, and, as Fenton P. Foster puts it, "can sing a little", you have a chance to get into comic opera by appearing at the next rehearsal of 'King Dodo" to be produced at the Forest Theater in August. Foster and his neophyte comic opera stars are rehearsing tonight at the Arts and Crafts hall and every Tuesday and Friday nights from now until the production.

Much enthusiasm has been shown by those who so far make up the choruses and there is place for others who might want to join the cast

CLEVER COMEDY IS OFFERING THIS WEEK

"Clarence", Booth Tarkington's clever comedy, will be this week's offering of the Arts and Crafts, with George M. Ball, the producing director, in the title role.

Ball has had an exceptionally good cast with which to work on this production and it is expected that Carmelites as well as the many who have already begun their summer sojourn here will be accorded evenings of high class entertainment Friday and Saturday of this week.

VIRGINIA BURTON RETURNS TO CARMEL HOME WITH FAME AS ARTIST

Virginia Burton has come home for the summer after having been away from Carmel for the first time since she has lived here. She lived with Mrs. Anita Hestwood in Sonora, a little mining town in the foothills of the Sierras, this year, and attended Sonora Union High school. Her art education was supervised by Mrs. Hestwood, who, in the absence of Robert Hestwood, has carried on the work in the art department of the school there. Virginia brings back honors with her, honors which the people of Carmel can well be proud of. She won a scholarship to the California School of Fine Arts and some of her linoleum cuts are now attracting nation-wide attention and we will soon see them in some of the national publications. Virginia also made some Batik scarfs and modeled some figures in the round, which were very successful.

MRS. ERIC WILKINSON AND KISSAM JOHNSON WILL OPEN NEW SHOP

"Kay's Sandwich Shop" is to be the name of a new enterprise in Carmel when Mrs. Eric Wilkinson and Miss Kissam Johnson take possession of the unique and attractive building on Dolores street, just opposite the postoffice, designed and constructed by Hugh W. Comstock.

Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss Johnson are perfecting their plans for original interior decorating of the new shop and intend to provide it with an atmosphere in keeping with the high standard food to be provided.

Adventures in Eating Out

No. 3

Round the corner, on the oldest street in California, almost hidden in trees and shrubs, stands a little low cottage known as the Old Cabin Inn. From the moment you set foot inside that wooden fence weatherbeaten to a soft silvery gray and splashed with the green of lichen, you are in old Carmel. A little narrow winding path bordered with bright masses of flowers leads you to the door.

Here is the place for those to come who are hungry for more than good food, who want with it a taste of that elusive something called "atmosphere". The tourists who remark wistfully that they would like to see the inside of a real Carmel home should seek out the Old Cabin on El Camino Real.

The redwood paneling in the long, low-ceilinged room has deepened in tone with the passing of the years, the big stone fireplace has gathered about its cheerful hearth many interesting groups of those first writers and artists who came to Carmel when Carmel was still out of the world. There is an air of seclusion and comfort and peace about the Old Cabin which suggests an atmosphere favorable to creative work, and it was here that the story "9009" was written by Fred Bechdolt and Jimmy Hopper.

Your meal is served to you, perfect in its every detail, by a Chinaman who moves with noiseless step and whose smile has quality of happy friendliness that is irresistible. And for those who want to stay on in surroundings that have kept the spirit of the true Carmel there are rooms in the Old Cabin and its neighboring cottages.

AUTHOR OF "LILIOM" WRITES TWO NOVELETTES

Franc Molnar, author of the famous, "Liliom", has written two novelettes, "Eva" and "The Derelict". The New York Times Book Review says of Molnar's work:

"Molnar's urbane talent seems to hold within itself the germ of a peculiarly metropolitan cult; in each manifestation—the play, the anecdote and now the novelette—he seems to invite the participation, not to say the active partisanship, of the 'knowing' ones. He would appear to attract a modish and delicately cynical audience.

"A partial explanation for the Molnar vogue may possibly be found in his attitude toward the erotic motive. He has the detachment of the Viennese, notably of Arthur Schnitzler, toward a vaguely melancholy and exquisitely transitory emotion. He brings to this elusive fragrance of incipient decay, however, a strong flavor of his own, which might be termed the barbarian in the boudoir."

Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly estimates that a newspaper editor knows 45,000 words. He refers, of course, only to those that can be printed.—Punch.

BOOK REVIEW

I like so well I simply can't wrap
Sinclair Lewis's new book, "Mantrap".
—F. P. A.

PULITZER PRIZE MONEY TO GO TO POETS' FUND

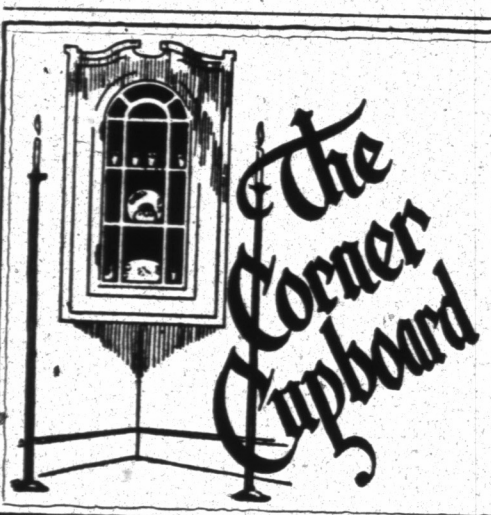
The money from the $1,000 Pulitzer prize, awarded to Amy Lowell, will be turned into the scholarship fund for poets established by Miss Lowell's will, according to an announcement by the trustees of the estate.

A book on Florida by Kenneth L. Roberts, just published by Harper and Brothers, is written in an amusing style which will probably be particularly appreciated by the loyal Californian.

"GLORIOUS APOLLO" AUTHOR DOES ANOTHER

Another historical novel by E. Barrington, author of "Glorious Apollo" etc., will appear in July. The setting is London of the late Eighteenth Century and the title is "The Exquisite Perdita".

In the preface to "The Best Love Stories of 1925", the editor, Muriel Miller Humphrey, remarks: "Not often is marriage the culmination of high romance. Between self-control and birth-control, it appears a straight and level road with easy exits marked 'divorce'."



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Arts and Crafts
Lampshades

Seven Arts Press

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Presents

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by

Booth Tarkington

Friday and Saturday Evenings
June 25 and 26

Producing Director
GEOGE M. BALL

All seats reserved

Admittance $1.00

Emily Townsend
Florence Edgarton

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Dresses both ready to wear
and made to order.
Specialists in large sizes.

OLD HAND BUILDING
OCEAN AVENUE
CARMEL

IF YOU HAVEN'T ROOM ON THE PACIFIC COAST TAKE A LITTLE TRIP TO PERU

If you find California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah crowded, take a little jaunt down to Peru and get your breathing space. Peru is as large as all these states combined and there is lots of room down there.

This is according to George L. Cooper, former American vice-consul at Lima, where, it is said with an accepted authority, a variety of beans had their inception. Cooper is at present in Carmel and he will tell the Kiwanis all about the South American country when he talks to them June 30. His subject will be "Peru—The Old and the New" and he will tell about commercial conditions and the trade oportunities.

Cooper will also talk before the Arts and Crafts club of Carmel sometime next month.

He declares Peru to be the most fascinating republic of South America. He backs up this statement with the assertion that its climate is much the same as that of Carmel. He says:

"While agriculture is the principal source of income, the mineral wealth of copper, silver and gold of the country is almost boundless, with American capital strongly entrenched in every activity including cotton, sugar-raising and mining. The United States purchases one-half of all Peruvian exports and she buys from the United States more than one-half of all her imports. The building of the Panama Canal opened up Peru to American trade and the World War accelerated American participation in developing Peru's vast resources. Speaking of our interest in South America it is interesting to learn that the Standard Oil company recently purchased eight million acres of oil land in Bolivia.

Is a Bit Large

"Peru is as large as California. Oregon, Washington, Neveda, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah combined. Europe is crowded and South America is but yet sparsely populated. There exists a wide field for development and immigration is inereasing rapidly. It is indeed the land of opportunity."

Cooper, who lectures on the art and history of the ancient Incas, says that the best cotton and woolen manufacturers in the United States are obtaining their ideas for new designs from the ancient cloths, tapestries and mummy wrappings of the Incas which are unexcelled, being the finest cloth ever woven by hand. Strange to say some of this cloth was identical with that the ancient Egyptians used, differing only as to pattern.

May Be Cradle of Race

There are more mummies in Peru than in any other country, for the whole desert coastal plain for a distance of hundreds of miles was the burial ground of an empire of ten millions of persons. The ancient civilization of Peru is said to be as old as Egypt, China and Persia, and some archeologists have put forth the theory that Peru may be the cradle of the human race. At any rate, the Incas were a rich and powerful people whose empire included most of Peru and Ecuador. They were great engineers, building canals along the mountains at an altitude of 1400 feet for irrigation in the valleys below; they constructed bridges; bored tunnels through granite rock; made highways over which they hauled stones of incredible size for building purposes. Their temples and places of worship were lined with gold and silver. Indeed, it was the silver and gold of the Incas which Pizzaro and his followers wrested from them that made Spain in the 16th. Century, the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

Incas Brave People

At this time the Inca Empire was ruled by Athaulpa, a man of great dignity and force. When Pizzaro and his handful of men reached the shores of South America they landed with their horses which they had brought from Spain, braved the treacherous jungles under the stimulous of news of gold and advanced straight into the camp of the Incas. The monarch had news of the approaching strangers and with many of his chiefs sat calmly awaiting their appearance. The Spaniards advanced uncertainly toward the Incas and halted at a distance for conference. Suddenly, one of Pizarro's men charged furiously at Athaulpa and pulled up short within a foot or so of him. The regal monarch, thoroughbred that he was, never so much as blinked his eyes, although he had never before seen a horse! It was the fate of this ruler to be killed, and his empire reduced to slavery by the Spaniards.

Cooper has written a number of magazine and newspaper articles as welll as having given many lectures throughout the United States on this subject and has an endless amount of interesting things to tell about Peru. He intends to spend the summer in Carmel.

—M. F.

DOLORES STREET ONCE AGAIN BELONGS TO US

The reopening of Dolores street last week, after it had been closed by the street pavers for about a month, provided the big sensation of the month so far. Automobile owners were discovered to be making unnecesary trips to the postoffice last Thursday just to assure themselves that it wasn't a dream.

This is also the time of year when a lot of printers and proofreaders read the baccalaureate sermons.-F.P.A.

NEW POSTOFFICE BOXES PROVIDE THRILLING GAME

There is a new game at the Carmel postoffice. It's sort of a "Box, box, open the box." It seems that through the persistent efforts of Miss Stella Vincent, the postmistress, the United States government has finally installed nearly 100 new boxes for the increasing number of postoffice patrons. But it also happens that the government, with true Coolidge economy, has adopted combination boxes in place of the old variety with which a key is used. The average person, unfortunately, is not strong on combinations with the result that it is a dull day when some haughty new box possessor isn't discovered standing with gaping wonder before his or her box and endeavoring to figure how one goes about throwing wide the door. Pursuing the policy of economy, the postoffice department might substitute an "open sesame" arrangement of some kind for those tantalizing doors, there by saving many devout and unquestionably patriotic and loyal citizens a large amount of what the captains of industry tell us is valuable time.

Homer Croy's "They Had To See Paris" was so successful that he is going to write "They Had To See London".

Dr. Harvey Cushing, Moseley Professor of Surgery in Harvard University and Surgeon-in-chief of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for his "Life of Sir William Osler".

Wrought Iron
The Forge in The Oaks
John Catlin Carmel

CARMEL
Tea Garden
LUNCHEON SERVED IN THE OPEN FROM 12 TO 2. AFTERNOON TEA. PRIVATE BRIDGE PARTIES, LUNCHEONS AND TEAS.
PICNIC LUNCHES
TELEPHONE 366
SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH

Feed your flowers—
SHEEP FERTILIZER
(Ground fine) Two Carloads just received from Ludlock Nevada.
$1.20 a sack delivered
PURE OAK LEAF MOLD
SPRAYS
SLUG and SNAIL CONTROL
CARMEL FLORIST
Telephone 316

JUST AS IT OCCURS

to O. S.

[The Cymbal's Eastern Looker-on]

"The Poor Nut" by J.C. and Elliot Nugent, with young Elliot playing the title role, is vastly better entertainment than you'd imagine from the name. We stayed away for sometime, thinking it to be another "Show-Off" or "Fall Guy". It's not entirely unlike either of those, being essentially an American boob study, but it's a giggly little show that you can't help enjoying. On the way home you begin to get critical, but during the play you're truly amused. Elliot Nugent is unbelievably droll as the studious young botanist who yearns to be an athletic hero. Jill thinks he is far better than Glenn Hunter, who does similar roles. Hunter, however,has a wistfulness that Nugent lacks, and since the public always falls for wistfulness, I don't think Glenn Hunter's laurels are likely to be taken away from him. . . .

* * *

The funniest story of many a day came to us from the handsome young newspaper reporter I've told you about. He was sent out by his paper to get a sob story from a sixteen-year-old widow. Her boy husband had been an Irish Catholic; she was a German Lutheran. When the parish priest found out about the marriage he hectored the boy until, in a frenzy between duty and desire, he committed suicide. The reporter made several attempts to get into the house, and finally succeeded by using the kitchen entrance. The family was gathered in the parlor; they were intensely hostile and uncommunicative and he began to fear he'd get no story. After he had exhausted all the ordinary methods of conversational approach, he remarked upon the size and unusual appearance of several stones which were standing on the mantelpiece. At once the face of the girl's mother lighted up. She nodded vivaciously and said, "Yes! Aren't they fine? They are the gall stones which were taken from my first husband!" and she added proudly, "They were the largest the doctors had ever seen!" The reporter became a sympathetic audience for the story of the lady's first husband's last illness. The ice was broken; he was soon a bosom friend of the family and got marvelous stories for his paper! . . .

* * *

I've been reading an article in an old issue of "The Living Age", called "De Maupassant as I Knew Him". It's anonymous, the editor hinting that it is written by the author of "Uncensored Recollections" and "Things I Shouldn't Tell", which I dare say is true, as the style is very similar. It's fascinating reading, though you can't help doubting the authenticity of it. That is, the author is such a snooty sort of snob, adoring to bring in titled names and toadying around the great and the fashionable, that you wonder if he wasn't somebody's butler rather than de Maupassant's close friend. However that may be, he does cast a new and very interesting light on de Maupassant's life, particularly his last days and insanity. He touches, too, on the legends that sprang up about de Maupassant's habits; many of the stories of the great novelist's depravities were circulated largely by de Maupassant himself, who took a youthful delight in shocking people. Paris at one time was agog over the rumor that de Maupassant was a believer in cannibalism. One lady went so far as to ask him if he had ever indulged in the practice, to which he replied, "Indeed yes! I once took a bite out of a beautiful woman's shoulder, and I assure you it was delicious!"

This anonymous gentleman very wittily suggests that de Maupassant's physical decay was largely accelerated by the fact that he knew Henry James.

"I do not certainly want to be deemed unkind," he says, "but I must in all honesty chronicle the fact that I always found poor de Maupassant very much worse after any visit from Henry James." He goes on further to say that Henry James, "like not a few of his fellow countrymen, had early in life swallowed himself; and so, as so often happens in such cases, he found himself compelled to dedicate the rest of his existence, not only to the task of digesting what he has swallowed, but to hiding from the outer world the ceaseless dyspepsia with which he had endowed himself by his autophagism. James never really lived; . . . he was blessed with an utter absence of passions. . . . everything he wrote was carefully manufactured behind that massive brow. Of course, he had no intention to deceive, for he was essentially an honest man and a gentleman....but it was the Chicago system all the same; and when he solemnly presented you with a tin—say, labeled 'Love'—and (until experience taught you) you eagerly opened it, you found it contained only potted James."

Doesn't that tickle you? Even after reading Van Wyck Brooks' very generous biography I didn't feel in the least as it I'd come in contact with a live person. Poor de Maupassant, it seems, didn't care at all forJames, had no use whatever for him. To quote further from the article, "It was cruel to plaster a poor quivering Paphian Parisian like Guy—a Cyprian Champs Elysees cavalier—with a thick layer of undiluted Boston, Beacon Hill. Emerson is splendid tipple; very, very good; personally I am very fond of it—can drink tumblers of it but it does not mix well with Boule de Suif."

* * *

Now after all this I'll tell you that it's the October 3,1925 issue of "The Living Age" in which the article appears. If the Carmel library carries back issues, it'd be worth your while to look it up. . .

* * *

The West Point Horse Show must have been quite an entertaining affair this year. Among other celebrities in the audience were the Crown Prince of Sweden, Gloria Swanson (with her Marquis husband sitting several rows behind her), Edward Browning and "Peaches". Gloria Swanson sat in a box next the Swedish royalty and was later presented to them. She told the Prince that her grandfather had been Swedish and her grandmother Polish. "I hope you are proud of your Swedish ancestry," said his Highness. "No," said Gloria, "I'm only proud of being an American!"

Altogether, poor Gustavus Adolphus seems to have been handed an ambiguously good time in these United States. We recently met a young man who has been attached to the Prince's escort since he's been in New York. He tells me that not a single reporter asked the Prince a question regarding his own country or showed the slightest interest in any opinion the Prince might have bearing on subjects other than America. The press photographers were, he says, unspeakably impertinent, wanting the Prince to pose with his arm around his Princess, and so forth. On one occasion a facetious reporter asked his Highness what he thought of American press photographers. "I think they are energetic—and perhaps efficient," he replied!

* * *

To return to the West Point Horse Show. It seems that during formation and exhibition drilling one of the color bearers was so unlucky as to have his (exceedingly high) hat blown off. Of course, he ignored the occurrence, and the cadets following him did the same thing, line after line stepping on the hat as if it didn't exist. There was tremendous excitement in the audience, however, the Army officers in the vicinity of the royal box being noticeably overcome with mortification! They say the poor color bearer was unmercifully landed upon after the show.

Carmel Cleaning Works

We make your clothes look new again.

W. T. FARLEY
TELEHONE 242

Dolores near Ocean Carmel

EUREKA DAIRY

PURE MILK AND CREAM

TELEPHONE 304

TILLY POLAK

Antiques and Objets D'Art

BEAUTIFUL BRITTANY POTTERY WHICH I SELECTED MYSELF HAS JUST ARRIVED FROM FRANCE. THIS ATTRACTIVE, COLORFUL WARE INCLUDES LARGE PLATES, PLATTERS, SALAD, BREAD AND BUTTER PLATES, NUT DISHES, BOWLS, PITCHERS AND VASES. REASONABLE PRICES. YOU ARE INVITED TO COME AND SEE IT.

COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH CARMEL

THE FOOL

(He laughs at himself and others, and comments with delight on the discords in the clash of the brazen Cymbal, the crack of the spreading Pine Cone, the blast of the Herald's trumpet -- and the cacophonies of the Press at large.)

It is rumored that there is to be a mass meeting of the local theatrical producers with a view to appointing someone to act as audience.

* * *

"The distinguished visitors have been entertained enterainedoAp'od.Gemfwycmfwv lavishly by a number of Carmel's literary folk." We are forced to conclude that it was a hilarious party.

* * *

In the local news notes of the Pine Cone appears the statement that "Mrs. ——, who loved for several years in the —— cottage on —— street, has left for Santa Cruz, where she will make her permanent home." We sincerely hope that in the city across the bay she will find her passion as enduring.

* * *

An advertisement of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company reads: "But the wonder of the telephone is still that which arrested men's thoughts a half century ago—that it can talk." We have heard a lot of talk that sounded just like that—as if the men's thought had been arrested half a century ago and had never been released.

* * *

It is reported that a monkey has been trained to write. We believe it. In fact we are sure we have read some of his work in the papers.

* * *

Mr. Irving Brant, in an article on our lovely village, states that "as the material of a shell is distilled int- a pear, so is the beauty of the Pacific Coast distilled into the Bay of Carmel." One might hazard the remark that the labor of the shell bore fruit.

* * *

A theatrical notice in this unique periodical informs us that "Arms and the Man" promises to be a great success as the initial offering of the Forest theater's summer festival. Dr. Burton is enthusiastic in his interest in the oqen-air theater which has brought so much fame to Carmel." We hope this publicity will mean long queues before the ticket window.

* * *

Says the Pine Cone: "Miss ——, a teacher in the English department of the —— School, spent last week," We sincerely hope she got value in return.

* * *

From the last—Pardon—from the latest issue of The Cymbal: "Carmel now claims the world's record terpsichorean, both in form and endurance. can Charleston! . . He just keeps on dancing and won't quit—until you turn off the phonograph. And Charleston! Himmel, how he can Charleston!" And to think that he can to canned music!

* * *

"Speaking of Goldsworthy, I note that his Loyaltier is to be the opening play of the San Francisco Players' Guild next fall."Scratch a Galsworthy and you'll find a Jew, as the old saying goes.

* * *

BASSANIO

Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say,
when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

GRATIANO

You look not well, Signior Antonio:
You have too much respect upon the world.
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvelously changed.

ANTONIO

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRATIANO

Let me play the fool!
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cold with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster—
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?

—F. T. F.

—or something

Winsor Josselyn says that cream costs more than milk because it's harder for the cows to sit down on the little bottles.

* * *

The Cymbal's Limerick Contest, in which, we hasten to remind you, there is offered a prize of a year's subscription in no less an estimable publication than The Cymbal itself, has gone up with two lithesome bounds this week. If you don't believe it, gaze understandingly upon the following contributions and judge for yourself:

There was a young girl of Carmel,
Who had to go East for a spell.
She spent the spell sobbing,
And ardently throbbing:
"Tamale con carni Carmel!"

—HELEN NEWTON

There was a young(?)girl of Carmel,
And the men she could never repel.
"It's my strong sex appeal,"
She would ardently squeal,
"Anyway I should think you
could tell."

—J. K.

* * *

In last week's edition of The Cymbal, with its sixteen pages, I neglected to call your attention, folks, to how the child had grown. That was because, folks, its face was so infernally dirty.

* * *

F. P. A. in The Conning Tower of the New York World once referred to his "far-flung prattle line". The following from someone in my less extensively flung prattle line, were found under our door, probably stuck there at one of the few un-godly hours of the early morning when, by some unaccountable chance, I wasn't in the shop:

AFTER READING W.K.B.'S
"SONNET TO GREEN EYES".

Her eyes of beauty, like the sea,
Where ice and opals cling,
Or wave and leaf in harmony
Alight with joy of spring,
May quicken ardent heart and brain,
Or feed the emerald's fire—
But bring me home a flapper plain
Whom cooking does not tire.

LOST HAVEN

He once could rest upon my lap,
His pink ecstatic feet
Upturned in joy; his tail aflap
Upon my apron neat.
But now this haven, ampler still,
Knows not his brindled hide;
If he climbs in, just half will spill.
Alas! He's grown too wide!
He puts his head upon my knees—
O friendly, mournful eyes—
Ah, who can say what memories
Of puppy days arise? —H.B.

* * *

Harking back to the Limerick Contest, and back, also, to the files of The Cymbal, I discover that the competition should have closed at midnight, postoffice time, June 12. But a little thing like that, while a bit annoying, isn't, really, very important. And those who might be inclined to ask for a court ruling on their claims to having qualified before the date specified demand that later entries should be thrown out, should be properly ashamed of themselves. Merit should not quibble on time, pace or geography. I'm the highest tribunal in this, anyway, and the contest goes on. The new date for its closing is July 3, same hour, same postoffice.

* * *

Ed. Barnes, who died a few months ago, says that he's been having an unusually good time since returning to abide among us. He is a bit reticent about handing out any information on events as they are on the other side of the river, but did drop the information that all efforts to put over a prohibition law have failed, owing to the eloquent opposition of Daniel Webster and Rip Van Winkle, both of whom, Ed. admitted sadly, are drinking just as heavily as historical confessions and Washington Irving have had it.

* * *

This report of the prospective visit of John D. Rockefeller to the Monterey peninsula makes it incumbent on the Pebble Beach caddies to provide themselves with dime banks. And what fun it will be for the dapper, white-robed young men at the red, white and blue service stations to genuflect when he drives by. And for the Associated and General and Union and Shell fellers to yell "applesauce" at him!

* * *

Speaking of necessary organizations in Carmel, there is only one that I can think of. A Chamber of Garbage would be a useful organization and might relieve the anxiety of householders who spend half their time trying to get their refuse cans emptied.

* * *

Someone suggests that while Rockefeller is here he will visit all the little Standard Oil service stations on the peninsula and give the attendants the regulation inspection, but we are inclined to doubt it. It just couldn't be, that's all. The man hasn't the time to do it, and what time he has is far too valuable. We would venture the guess that he's more than a ninety-dollar-a-week man, and a guy what earns that much couldn't use his time inspecting service stations. He probably has somebody else on the payroll to do that. You can't fool us about these big birds. They don't do any hard work like inspecting service stations. We'll bet he won't even call on any of 'em at all. He'll have his car filled up in a garage, or maybe he has a chauffeur of his own. Some of these rich fellows do.

W. K. B.

SHOPPING with CYMBALINE

Cymbaline sat on the steps basking in the warm sunshine. "I do hope the fog won't come in again today," she murmured, cocking an eye anxiously at the clear sky, "I've been so cold, it seems to me I'll never get warm again."

"A little gardening might help," I suggested, struggling with a large begonia pot which I had brought out from the house for the summer and wiping the perspiration from my forehead as I paused to take another breath.

"I suppose it would," agreed Cymbaline cheerfully, "but I find it so much pleasanter—and easier—to sit in the sun and watch you. Where are you going to put that enormous pot?"

"I don't quite know. I don't like the looks of pots littering up the place this way but I haven't any stand I like."

"If I were you," said Cymbaline suddenly, "I should visit The Bloomin' Basement! Why, I don't believe you havey an idea of 'What a Well-Dressed Garden Should Wear'! In the first place, there are wrought iron stands for pots of all sizes, the only kind I've ever seen that were both useful and beautiful. Helen Wilson designs them herself. They'd look well indoors or out. There are stands for large bowls, too."

Cymbaline paused and looked about the garden critically. "Yes," she said emphatically, "it's a nice garden but you don't consider its feelings in the matter of the latest styles. You water and weed it, of course, but you keep it in such plain clothes! And I'm sure gardens like those little touches in the way of frills as much as you and I get a lot of pleasure out of wearing the latest styles in scarfs and shoes."

"But what do you mean?" I demanded, "don't get so metaphorical! It's rather a bad habit of yours and it seems to be growing on you." I must admit that secretly I felt a little sensitive about her criticism of my garden and couldn't resist this little jab back.

Cymbaline smiled understandingly. "Your garden is lovely, but you've said yourself you wanted a bird pool and that you'd like some kind of a table in that corner of the patio, and—well, just go to the Bloomin' Basement and you'll immediately want a dozen things you'll see there. They have wrought iron tables with tops made of the loveliest tiles in colors, exactly the sort of thig you ought to have. And now-a-days you don't have to have flowers only where you plant them in your garden—you should see the big shallow bird baths with bunches of flowers in them in little stands, just the way you fix them in the house! You can set the bird bath down anywhere you have a bare spot in your in your garden that needs a bit of color!

"But—the most fascinatng of all!—the animals! Little white ducks with funny, flat yellow web feet and fat frogs and cats and dogs and parrots and about every animal you can imagine. You could put them in your bird bath or in all sorts of places in the garden. It's the latest style in garden trimmings!"

"I really must see them," I decided promptly, "It's such a beautiful chop, too, that I'm always glad to have an excuse for going there."

"I don't know whether it's the color scheme or the arrangement of the place with that big window below the level of the street or the lovely flowers and pottery—or whether it's just a combination of them all—but when I am down in The Bloomin' Basement, I feel as if I were swimming in some sort of rarefied atmosphere different from ordinary air, almost as if the air itself caught and reflected the delicate colors of the flowers and vases!" mused Cymbaline, staring dreamily out across the garden at the distant hills. But Cymbaline's poetic moods rarely last long. She sat up suddenly and smiled.

"That big window of The Bloomin' Basement is a wonderful place to walk past when you want to see how your skirt hangs," she remarked, "have you ever noticed what a perfect mirror it makes!"

———o———

A doctor thinks everybody should breathe deeply. We agree, so long as they don't do it into saxophones. —Punch

———o———

Dedications always interested us. Among those one never sees is 'To my wife, life with whom has made the task of writing this book a pleasure—comparatively. . —F.P.A.

———o———

Since 1909, says a motoring expert, Fords have advanced by leaps and bounds. This is too much a generalization to be accurate we have sometimes noticed them advancing fairly steadily. —Punch.

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People who have been coming to Carmel every summer have a surprise awaiting them this year when they make their first visit to Cabbages and Kings. Instead of the dark little crowded shop where they moved circumspectly in and out among the piles of socks and sweaters, they will find a light, airy, roomy shop, finished most delightfully in green and purple. Against this new background the fascinating stock of Cabbages and Kings is most attractively and adequately displayed. Shelves and shallow drawers and racks are all employed to show the customer the greatest possible number and variety of articles.

Cabbages and Kings has never had such a beautiful stock as that now on display. Ties and handkerchiefs from Liberty's in London, handwoven tweeds from Scotland, Kashmir sweaters as soft as the fur of kittens, smart felt hats, knickers, and a bewildering array of golf socks in every color combination imaginable. Everything in Cabbages and Kings, except a few ties, is imported from abroad.

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A PLEASING SOUVENIR FOR THE VISITOR

VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THE NATIVE

SUNSET PREPARES FOR IT'S GRADUATION PROGRAM THURSDAY

As a preliminary event to the final graduation exercises to be held next Thursday afternoon, Class Day was celebrated by the Eighth grade of Sunset school last Friday afternoon. There was a musical program and the reading of the class history, prophecy and testament which conveyed to the school those things which the departing class leaves to the oncoming pupils in the lower grades. The history of the 1926 class was read by Marguerite Tickle and the findings of the class oracle were presented by Muriel Watson.

A musical program was given and there were many parents and other relatives of the pupils of the graduating class in attendance on the exercises.

The handsome Sunset school auditorium will be used for graduation exercises for the first time next Thursday afternoon when the twenty members of the 1926 class are given their diplomas of graduation. A fine musical program has been arranged and the address to the graduates will be delivered by H. V. Normand of Santa Cruz, a Boy Scout executive. Lois Love, president of the class, will welcome the audience to the exercises, and the diplomas will be presented by Dr. A. E. Burton.

There will be several musical numbers by members of the class.

Those who will graduate are Mary Ammerman, Billy Argo, Edward Arminini, Wilma Bassett, Robert Cone, Edward Dewey, Peter Floor, Billy Heron, Caryl Jones, Herbert McGuckin, Marion Minges, Lyle Palmer, Mildred Pearson, Marguerite Tickle, Helen Turner, Helen Ward, Muriel Watson, Lillian Wentworth, Hester Schoeninger and Lois Love.

o

PEBBLE BEACH PEOPLE BUY MARTIN RANCH

The famous Martin ranch, just beyond the Mission, has been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Walker of Pebble Beach at an approximate price of $150,000. No definite plans for an improvement of the property have been made by the new owners.

o

The little-used period of California history when the Mexican Republic was in power forms the setting for Johnston McCully's new book entitled "Coptain Fly-by-Night".

VOTE FOR
J. E. STEINBECK
(Incumbent)
Candidate for
TREASURER
of Monterey County
[Subject to Primary Election August 31, 1926]

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on the peninsula

—there's a reason

LITERATURE AND

NIECE OF ARTHUR MACHEN WRITES HER FIRST NOVEL

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

One picks up a first novel with much hesitation—especially if it happens to be one of the popular books of the moment. Arthur Machen is a great writer, but that does not necessarily recommend the work of his niece. Heredity plays such pranks with humanity that even the best proved laws are cut across here and there by curious exceptions, making it difficult to foretell when the strain of genius will reoccur in a family, if ever.

So "Lolly Willowes", by Sylvia Townsend Warner, was approached in a sceptical and indifferent frame of mind, which lasted for eighteen pages and was dispelled by the following passage:

"During the last few years of her life Mrs. Willowes grew continually more skilled in evading responsibilities and her death seemed but the final perfected expression of this skill. It was as if she had said, yawning a delicate cat's yawn, 'I think I will go to my grave now,' and had left the room, her white shawl trailing behind her."

There is a delicate and serenely detached sense of humor in these lines which lasts throughout the book. Life and death, good and evil, love and hate are treated whimsically and with a refreshingly unmoral attitude. All the virtues with which the powers of good have fortified themselves stand in a stolid, conventional and most unlovely array. With Society, the Law, the Church, the History of Europe the Old Testament, great-great aunt Salome and her prayerbook, the Bank of England, Prostitution, the Architect of Apsley Terrace, and half a dozen other useful props of civilization ranged against her, Lolly Willowes becomes an old maid of forty-seven before she realizes that life has another side hidden behind this. The thing that gives her the clue is a great bunch of garnet and gold chrysanthemums in a grocer's shop. "As the light fell on their sleek flesh the garnet colour glowed, the tawny yellow paled as if it were thinly washed with silver." She bought them all and the smell of the beechwoods that went with them. London fell away and she imagined herself again in the country of her childhood.

Into the perfect routine of her sister-in-law's life, her decision to go and live in the Chilterns falls like a clap of thunder. They do not understand. Such wild ideas are just a little beneath their sense of dignity—outside the pale of what is proper.

Great Mop, the chosen village is described in the official guide book thus: "A secluded hamlet in the heart of the Chilterns, Great Mop is situated

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

WEAVING WILL SAVE FLAPPER

By GENE HAILEY

A recent article in the Saturday Evening Post called "Selling Style" says that the big stores have nothing else to sell nowadays but style, as prestige and all service phases of merchandising are as passe as becomingness and beauty. I feel that "sincerity" of texture and "emotion" of color are fields not yet explored, except by the weavers of Carmel and like places. That beauty doctors for both face and brain suggest weaving and modeling as corrective pursuits for over-speedy ladies with fat minds and flat tire souls, should not deter any real women, with ages old weaving instincts, from sitting at their looms, beside their own firesides, and here weaving the essence of Carmel into fabric. It's the only salvation of this benighted nation of cheap notion and novelty buyers, this back-to-the-looms movement. Weaving will save the pieces of many a diversified, devastated flapper when she has become de-Charlestonized by excessive matrimony and domesticity. Weaving is good for debutantes, divorcees, maidens of uncertain age and matrons of certain weight.

o

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDS" COMES OUT IN COMIC STRIP

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", by Anita Loos, the season's hit as a book and a play, has been made into a comic strip by the author. The new comic made its appearance in the New York Evening World on June 7. Miss Loos has provided an amusing scenario for her two famous girls, Lorelei and Dorothy. The drawings are by Virginia Huget, whose reputation as a fashion expert guarantees that women readers will find the girls clad in the last minute duds.

o

A bust of Luther Burbank is to be dedicated to the memory of the great botanist at Santa Rosa where he carried on his work on the creation of new types of plants. The sculptor is Roger Noble Burnham of Los Angeles.

REVIEWER SAYS PUBLIC TASTE NO MYSTERY

In a review of Michael Joseph's "The Commercial Side of Literature" Charles Willis Thompson says that "public taste is no mystery. What it hungers for is a story." That is why Sabatini is so popular, and why the realists, like Ruth Suckow, who are only photographers with a small lens, are not.

o

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Leonard are here from Pasadena and have taken Mrs. John Ball's house on Thirteenth avenue.

STANLEY WOOD'S WATER COLORS WILL BE SHOWN AT JOHAN HAGEMEYER'S

An exhibition of water colors by Stanley Wood, art director of the Arts and Crafts 1926 Summer School, will open Saturday of this week in the Johan Hagemeyer studio with a reception. The hours will be from 2 to 6 o'clock each afternoon and the exhibit will remain until and including July 5.

o

Mrs. J W. Porteus and family of Fresno are occupying the Rainbow cottage on the Point.

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THE OTHER ARTS

EVOLUTION OF TONAL TENDENCIES TRACED

By HAROLD K. HESTWOOD

It is interesting to a technical musician to trace the evolution of certain harmonic tendencies which have occurred in the last hundred years or more. An evolution has taken place which to me is best exemplified in the field of tonality. Tonality is a state of "mind", the realization of a center. Harmonic and melodic progressions are an expression of a force with a definite relationship to this center.

The establishment of a tonality in all musical systems and scales of all races of people seems to be a natural and definite procedure, and this procedure has been an unconscious one. Almost every scale, and there are a great number of them, agree on three tones: the perfect fourth, fifth and octave. This is a very significant fact, as these tones are the closest related to any to the tonic or center, and they establish the mental state of tonality The scales which we are most familiar with are the major and the minor.

The major scale was first created and accepted by the European countries unconsciously and later it was scientifically proved as existing according to physical laws.

There are laws existing in music, laws that synchronize with our emotions. By law I mean an expression of a force. When a tone of a scale is altered the degree of relationship to the center is affected, and this effect upon the affinity of one tone to another is an absolute one which can be measured physically. The history of music, harmonically, has been a history of the degree of relationship of one tone to another. There have been a few examples of loosening the bonds of tonality in the works of Bach, on through Beethoven, but it did not characterize their music as it did finally with Wagner. Wagner used altered chords, chords which belonged to the same key and were still in the boundary of the diatonic domain. The relation to a center is less definite when chords are altered than when unaltered as when a tone foreign to the key exists another tonality is suggested and a sort of "alienation of affection" occurs. After Wagner, a good example is that of Debussy,who went even farther, to such an extent that tonality did not exist at all. Scriabine at times used a tonality as a chord and progressed from one tonality to another as others progressed from one chord to another within one tonality. This type of progression has no relationship in common with the two harmonic bodies and the association is less definite than the other.

The breaking up of the bonds of tonality is one of the chief characteristics of the modern composers. The progressions of the harmonies are a bit hazy and the common bond, this force which relates one body to another, has been almost destroyed. I believe that there will be a return to the good old major mode and that composers will tire in their search for new harmonies and realize that the possibilities of the simple major triad have not been exhausted by any means.

SILVA SKETCHES TO BE SHOWN AT ARTS AND CRAFTS NEXT SUNDAY

The sketches he made during his recent trip abroad will be displayed at Arts and Crafts hall next Sunday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock by William P. Silva. Tea will be served and the public is invited to attend

Nine of her portraits and a few landscapes were exhibited at the hall last Sunday by Miss Celia Seymour. Mrs. R. W. Covington showed four canvasses of still life.

Jacques-Marie Laumonier gave several clever recitations in French.

Mrs. John B. Jordan was hostess of the day, assisted by Mrs. George Wood and others.

The Sunday afternoon receptions and exhibitions will continue at Arts and Crafts hall throughout June, July and August.

An interesting volume is "Troublesome Words", with its section devoted to words often misspelled, words often mispronounced, and words of curious origin, like "bayonet" (from Bayonne) and "calico" (from Calicut). But it is as an intrepid husband, rather than as lexicographer, that Mr. W.L. Mason, the compiler, elicits our admiration. The dedication of "Troublesome Words" is made "To My Wife." —F. P. A.

There was a leisure class in ancient Greece, the exhumers tell us, but what they did with their time—with no changing-tire motorists, no rivet-throwers, and no safe hoisters to watch—the archaeologists fail to add.—F P. A.

THE PEONS

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THE
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"UNITY" HAS MANY DISCIPLES IN COUNTRY; OTHER CULTS

(This is the fifth portion of the report on "Religious Healing" made to the American Medical Association by Alice E. Paulsen, Ph.D.)

By ALICE E. PAULSEN, Ph.D.

Christianity to some is distinctly a healing movement. Applied Christianity, they believe, is capable of removing every difficulty in the world Especially is it applicable to physical disease. Christ preached faith, and those who apply the gospel teachings to the healing of the body lay stress on this mental state. They have developed systems by which the patient's mind becomes imbued with the idea that communion with God he may be healed, and also teach methods by which this communion may be effected. The material used to develop these ideas is taken from the Scriptures and from the writings of varions New Thought authors. The system usually consists of daily reading along these lines, meditation on certain appropriate thoughts, relaxation and affirmative prayer. Treatment consists of relaxation, reading or listening to an appropriate passage of Scripture, affirmation or silent prayer.

The most highly organized movement of this nature is Unity, Scientific Christianity. Kansas City is the headquarters of this movement. It publishes a magazine called "Unity", which has a circulation of about 185,000. This contains news of interest to the various centers which are established throughout the country in the form of prayer groups, discussions of the teachings of the gospel as interpreted by the leaders of the movement, testimonials of results obtained by various members through the application of their principles, and other matter. Lecturers are sent out from headquarters to organize guilds in communities, and, a prayer service is maintained at the large centers. It is said that through its literature, lecturers, guilds, practitioners and prayer service the Unity Society reaches from three to five million people yearly.

The following testimonials, quoted from recent issues of Unity, indicate the type of response to the prayer service provided at the Kansas City headquarters:

HEALTH

Peoria, Ill.—I am thankful to you for the healing of my son. His arm was suddenly and completely healed. He did not know that I had written to you for help —Mrs. W. C. H.

Cleveland, Ohio.—I wrote you asking that I might be healed of diabetes and gallstones. I am thankful to say that I have been healed.—Mrs. M. B.

Lorraine, Kan.—Our daughter has had an opeoration and the doctors said that she could not live. I asked Jesus to help her and I sent a telegram to Unity. She began to improve immediately. The doctor said that her recovery was a miracle. I thank God that she is alive and well today.—Mrs. W. E. B.

PROSPERITY

Kansas City, Mo.—I wrote you asking for prayers to assist me in renting vacant apartments Each day I faithfully held the thought that you sent me and all the apartments now are filled.—A.L.M.

East Orange, N. J.—I have made a business connection which has promise far beyond any hopes that I entertained when I wrote you for prayers. May God bless you in your wonderful work.—C. F. B.

New York.—Wonderful things have happened since I wrote to you: I was then out of work. Now I am in my old position, and have had a raise in salary.—M. T.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hot Springs, Ark.—Find enclosed $50, my tithe. Your literature has helped me more than I can possibly express. There was a dreadful hailstorm here and my car happened to be sitting out in the front yard. Lumps of ice larger than a hen's egg fell thick and fast. I placed everything of mine in the Lord's hands. None of my property was damaged, while all around there were battered roofs, broken windows and damaged cars. I did not forget to thank God for his protection.—Mrs. A. W. C.

Tithing is the method of reimbursement used. In a booklet published by the Unity Society entitled "Tithing", an interesting history of this method is given from the time of its appearance in the Mosaic law From the earliest times it has been the custom for those who observe tithing to give 10 per cent of their possessions to the Lord, and it is a matter of comon belief that those who do this will prosper.

The eastern representative of the Unity Society is Mr. Richard Lynch. Mr. Lynch was himself an invalid for the greater part of his life until he discovered how to heal through the methods which he now teaches. The topics of his lectures include subjects such as health, happiness, prosperity, character formation and personality. Mr. Lynch also carries on some private practice in healing, and conducts services atetnded by an enthusiastic following on Sunday mornings. At the registered class lectures, Mr. Lynch's audience usually numbers from 300 to 700 people. He started in New York with only six people three years ago. There are ten registered practitioners connected with the New York headquarters, and an emergency prayer service is also maintained there. Followers of this school, after a short experience with the success of its methods, prefer them to those of medicine, and voluntarily dispense with the latter in order to strengthen their faith. But Unity practitioners, like all New Thought practitioners, do not demand that they do so, and do not withdraw their services if the patient wishes to consult a physician as well.

VARIOUS SIMILAR MOVEMENTS

New Thought and Christian Science are types of the same idea expressed in somewhat different ways, though by methods fundamentally similar, however different they may be in detail. Christian Science represents what is known as an "absolute" system, while most New Thought movements represent a comparatively "relative" system. There appear to be innumerable other systems more or less like the one or the other in that they are more "relative" or "absolute" in character. They differ in their method of treatment, some treating "silently", some "audibly", and some making their appeal through excitation, others through relaxation.

One of the most extensive movements using excitation and audible treatment is the Rawson school, founded by the late F. S. Rawson in 1919. His work is being carried on by more than a hundred practitioners in this country, who treat for success, happiness and health by a system consisting of vehement negation of the undesirable and affirmation of the desired. By attuning his mind in this way, the individual is enabled to "manifest" and to "demonstrate". It is said by Rawson followers to be the highest system of thought, and they are enthusiastic in their declarations as to its practicability.

In the philosophy of Burnell, we have a system of absolute thought. The follower of this system of philosophy and thought meditates on such axioms as these:

> I know that I am because I cannot say that I am not. Therefore Being or Is-ness, or Consciousness or Self, must be Truth.
>
> Truth is that which Is, and as there cannot be that which is not, therefore that which is, or Truth, must be all there is.

The individual becomes conscious of truth, perfection, reflects perfection; and, even as his mind, his body becomes perfect.

SPIRITUALISTS

The spiritual movement has a firm hold in New York. There are said to be many smaller circles which meet in private homes and there are at least twenty comparatively well organized societies whose services are advertised in the Sunday newspapers as open to the public. Attendance appears to vary from fifteen to 100 people, depending on circumstances. Healing is frequently a part of the services, and some of the church "pastors" give private consultations.

It is believed that sickness is due

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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INDIANS CINCH PENNANT

By BILLIE HERON

Well, last Friday's game was the deciding one for the Junior League "Red Indians". They played the "cellar champs" or Yankees and made a mighty fine game of it. The teams were in the same boat until the eighth inning, but then and there the "Indians" started scalping. Each man in the line-up had his time at bat and the "Red Skins" piled up over four runs and finished "Spider", the "Yankee" pitcher. The "Yanks" made another run in the ninth, but "Milty" won't stand for much.

Both teams played good ball and the hits were numerous. Jack Parker, or "English" as they call him, helped the "Yanks" out by slamming out three triples and playing a fine game, but blew up at the end and lost the game. After the battle two or three of the kids were limping around and some of the "Indians" were whooping: "Where zat cup? We wanna drink outuvit".

BASEBALL

(Continued from Page One)

the Reds hitting like demons and fielding everything that came their way, the Irishmen went down to their second defeat this season.

Willie Keeler, one of the greatest players in pro ball, when asked his system once, replied that he "Hit them where they ain't". In the last game on Sunday the Bears threw them where they ain't, and the Tigers came home with a 13 to 2 score. The whole Tiger team came to bat in the second inning, and started on the second round when Cal Bates caught a swift ball off third. Only 8 runs were scored, but the Tigers were not content. They rubbed it in. The game was too one-sided to be interesting.

BOX SCORES

WHITE SOX

	AB	R	RB
Hale p.	3	0	0
Murphy lf.	3	1	1
Douglas c.	3	0	0
Murphy ss	3	0	0
Kuster lb.	3	0	0
Coffey cf.	3	0	0
Tanner 3b.	3	0	1
Wilkinson 2b.	3	0	0
Hilby rf.	2	0	1
Dibrell rf.	2	0	1
	28	1	8

PIRATES

	AB	R	RB
Doud c.	3	0	0
Leidig p.	3	2	3
Garner 1b.	3	1	1
Godwin ss.	3	1	1
Renslow lf.	3	2	2
Walcott 3b.	3	0	2
Johnson 2b.	3	0	2
Durham cf.	3	0	1
Renzel rf.	3	0	0
Wilson rf.	2	0	0
	29	6	13

WHITE SOX	000	001	0	— 1
PIRATES	410	001		— 6

SHAMROCKS

	AB	R	RB
Leidig c.	4	1	1
Campbell lf.	3	1	1
Berkey p.	3	2	2
Ford ss.	3	2	2
J. Mora 1b.	3	0	1
Hopper 3b.	3	0	2
Darsie cf.	3	0	0
Sheridan 2b.	3	0	0
Douglas rf.	3	0	1
P. Mora rf.	3	0	1
	31	6	11

REDS

	AB	R	RB
H. Godwin ss.	4	4	4
Renslow lf.	4	2	4
Ball p.	3	1	2
Otto c.	3	1	2
Stoney 1b.	3	1	1
Shepherd cf.	3	0	0
Staniford 2b.	3	0	1
Field 3b.	3	0	1
Dibrell rf.	3	0	0
Renzell rf.	3	0	1
	32	9	16

SHAMROCKS	202	002	0	— 6
REDS	105	201		— 9

TIGERS

	AB	R	RB
Frost ss.	5	2	4
Ammerman	5	4	4
Van Riper c.	5	2	3
Selby 1b.	5	1	3
Bromwell cf.	5	0	2
Jordan 3b.	5	1	2
Wilson p. lf.	4	1	2
Yates 2b.	4	1	1
Ingels rf.	4	1	1
	42	13	22

BEARS

	AB	R	RB
Otto c.	4	0	1
Garner ss.	3	0	0
Bates 3b.	3	0	0
Schweninger p.	3	0	1
Leidig lf.	3	2	2
Eaton 1b.	3	0	1
Todd cf.	3	0	0
Wilson 2b.	3	0	1
Cooke rf.	3	0	1

	—	—	—	
	28	2	7	
TIGERS	183	000	1	— 13
BEARS	010	000	1	— 2

GIRL SCOUTS ASKED TO SEND MONEY FOR CAMP

All Carmel Girl Scouts have been requested to send to Catherine Smit, Box 624, before June 25, registration blanks and money for Camp Chaparral.

TWO MORE GAMES ONLY IN JUNIOR BALL LEAGUE

In the Junior baseball league the top-rung Indians play the Cubs tomorrow afternoon, and on Friday afternoon the Yankees tackle the Giants. These are the concluding games of the Junior league season.

Mrs. Dexter Donelson of Chicago and Pasadena has taken Dr. Gates' house for the summer.

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CHILDREN'S - DRESSES -

LOLLY WILLOWES

(Continued from Page Eight)

twelve miles from Wickendon in a hilly district with many beech woods. The parish church has a fine Norman tower and a squint. The population is 227." This reminds one of T.F. Powys' answer to his publishers when they wrote for facts about his life. He told his birthplace, age, whom he married, where he lived, adding darkly that the village he lives in is bewitched.

Laura finds her village bewitched indeed. She attends her first witch's Sabbath and finds it not quite to her taste. She is disappointed with the Devil till she finds that he is only some one wearing that great monarch's mask. When she meets Satan himself she sells her soul to him and life becomes strangely simple.

Oscar Wilde would see that what he foretold in "The Decay of Lying" did not quite come true. Into the fast-crumbling dust of that great art was breathed life from such incorrigible romancers as Arthur Machen, T.F. Powys, James Stephens, Walter de la Mare, Blackwood, and so on.

Witches and the fairies have never died in Ireland, are fast being resurrected in England, and the great trans-atlantic liners seem to have brought some of the little devils to America. Out of place in a mechanical age, scoffed at by sensible people, swept out of spick and span homes, they have come as heralds of a new age to the unstable.

Sylvia Townsend Warner has much that is reminiscent of other writers, but more that is distinctly her own.

She has a woman's insight into the subtleties of family life and a woman's inexhaustible sense of humor. It is a kind of quietly mirthful god who sits amusedly in the back of one's mind and keeps on smiling, occasionally clearing the stage of too many practicalities and setting up witches and goblins in their place.

o

CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN

(Continued from Page One)

biles," says Dr. Moravek, "there it is quite out of the question for the ordinary man on an average salary to aspire to a car." Still, I suppose one wouldn't miss a car so much if all one's neighbors were car-less, too!

To return to Dr. Moravek, he is a bio-chemist, a visiting worker at the Coastal Laboratory where he expects to remain for about seven months, after which he will go the Desert Laboratory, another branch of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, situated at Tucson, Arizona.

When I asked him to tell me something about himself, his work and his country, I suggested that he talk German if he preferred. His face lighted up immediately.

"English is so heavy for us," he explained, apologetically, "Russian is not so heavy."

German and French, Russian and Italian are the languages taught in the Czecho-Slovakian schools, but no English. In fluent German he told me briefly about himself, and a little more at length about his country and his impressions of America so far. He was born in Koeniggraetz, Bohemia, thirty years ago and studied at the universities of Prague, Leipzig, Jena and Stockholm.

He is working now, and has been for some time past, on what, as an unscientific person, I can only explain by saying is the vicarious study of protoplasm, or living cells, by the creation of structures which have all the properties and chemical reactions of protoplasm, except actual life. By means of experimenting with this synthetic membrane or fibre, so similar to real protoplasm in its characteristics, science expects to find out important facts about living cells. Dr. Moravek has already made some valuable discoveries along this line which are set forth in a pamphlet published by the Masaryk University. The title in English is as follows: "On the growth of structures formed by reactions on the boundary between solutions of elektrolytes in water and those in gel."

This somewhat Frankensteinian occupation of Dr. Moravek reminds me that it is a countryman of his, Karel Capek, who wrote the well known play which has had such a success on Broadway—"R. U. R.", soon to be given at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. I'll leave you to make the connection when you see the play, if you don't already know the theme of it.

Several remarks of Dr. Moravek would make good headlines, I think—translated, of course!—for example: "America is now far in advance of Europe in practically every phase of life, scientific, educational, economic and industrial."

While Dr. Moravek has the scientific man's disinclination to make statements without considerable investigation and study, he has traveled extensively and viewed conditions in so many other countries that he is able to form fairly rapid comparative judgments. He was greatly impressed by the efficiency of American factories. There are big industries in Czecho-Slovakia, however, among them being the production of small military airplanes.

Aside from Capek, the Czecho-Slovakian writers are not internationally well known, but there is a rich fund of literature nevertheless. There was a time when the country was almost entirely German, but the revival of the native Czecho-Slovakian language, both in writing and speech, forms an interesting parallel to the Celtic movement in Ireland, according to Dr. Moravek. The poet and journalist, Machar, who lived in Vienna for many years, was one of the strong influences in the movement, denouncing continually and bitterly those Czecho-Slovakians who gave up their native tongue for commercial reasons. In literature, the names of Jirasek, Vrchlicky and Bresina are of special note. Czecho-Slovakians are great readers. Papers, magazines and books are bought extensively, and fine libraries are numerous. Newspapers are not so voluminous as American ones, of course, partly because the news is seldom elaborated on, the Czecho-Slovakians being content with brief telegraphic dispatches rather than long special articles by feature writers. Speaking of papers, a newspaper in Prague has commissioned Dr. Moravek to send it material based on his travels in America, particularly his impressions of our educational institutions. Although, as I said before, Dr. Moravek is not inclined to make hasty statements about anything, he did remark that he was most favorably impressed by what he had seen thus far—having visited the University of Chicago and Stanford. Later he will visit other institutions.

I wonder if there shouldn't be some, what do they call them—vital statistics? in this interview. But if I tell you there are 11,000,000 Czecho-Slovakians, 3,000,000 Germans and about 100,000 Magyars and Polaks in Czecho-Slovakia, there isn't much you can do about it, after all!

As I think over everything Dr. Moravek said—and there was a great deal more than I have attempted to set down here—I fail to remember anything which would in the slightest degree indicate that he was not wholly charmed with America. In fact, he remarked:

"There is so much that is interesting in America, and the life here is so delightful that it will be hard to go back."

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A. CLAY OTTO
DESIGNING OF ALL KINDS

STUDIO IN COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(The Cymbal Financial Department is a service provided gratis to those who are interested in any stocks on the New York market. Any inquiries addressed to this department will be given careful attention by a financial expert whose information and judgment can be relied upon .)

Financial Editor,The Cymbal:

I am delighted to take advantage of your offer of financial information. I own 50 shares of American Agricultural Chemical preferred stock. It is several years since this stock has paid dividends. This autumn the stock sold at 96, but I was advised by two financial authorities not to sell as they thought I would soon be paid back dividends in cash or stock. The stock has since descended and is now selling at 59. Should my state of mind be one of despair or just hope deferred?

M. McC. H.

M.McC.H.
Dear Madam:—

Referring to your inquiry regarding American Agricultural preferred.

With all due respect to the financial authorities who advised you not to sell this stock ot 96 last summer, the advice was not good. AM. Agr. Chem. pfd. is not worth 96 and it is doubtful if it is worth 57½ the price at which it closed on Saturday June 12th.

The earnings are improving but there is such a large deficit to be overcome that dividends can hardly be expected for some time to come.

The earnings for the past four years are as follows:

Year ending		
June 30 1922	deficit	$1,124,071
" 1923	profit	501,481
" 1924	profit	112,463
" 1925	profit	2,045,815

The report for the year ending June 30 1926 will not be available for some sixty days.

You can see from the above that there has been a decided improvement in earnings but this company has been forced to charge off such huge losses that its profit and loss deficit on June 30, 1925 was $17,860,237 and no dividends can be paid until this deficit has been wiped out.

We cannot advise you regarding such a highly speculative stock as this one. If you can afford to go without the income for a few years it is always possible that the company may continue to improve and that you receive the back dividends.

We would suggest that you wait for the results of the year ended June 30, 1926 as there might be a sudden run up in this stock if the result equals that of last year.

I would suggest also that you write to George B. Burton, Pres. No. 2 Rector Street, New York City and ask him for the approximate earnings for this year, which when received we will be glad to go over and advise you further.

This company has leased its property known as the Charlotte Harbor and Northern Railway to the Seaboard Air Line for three years at the end of which time the Seaboard is to purchase the property.

Yours very truly,
FINANCIAL EDITOR

"UNITY" IS STRONG

(Continued from Page Eleven)

to demoniacal possession, and the purpose of the healing service is to drive out the evil spirit. This can be accomplished in various ways.

The individual himself may so conduct his life that the evil spirit will of its own accord depart, since all evil spirits succumb when faced in the name of Christ. Or a group of individuals, gathered to worship the greatest spirit, God, may thus invite beneficent spirits, who will overcome the evil spirit and cause him to depart.

Another method consists in availing oneself of the services of a medium, who, being guided by the spirits of certain departed ones who were authorities on this earth, goes into a trance during which he or she lends his or her body to these spirits that they may speak to the patient and advise him what to do.

Still another method is that used by Titus Bull,M.D., a colleague of the late Professor Hyslop, who believes that it is possible to demonstrate that certain types of insanity are due to the presence of evil spirits. Dr. Bull is using a medium in his practice. His method is to transfer the evil spirit from the patient to the medium and to educate it by persuasion. This is accomplished through long conversations, sometimes taking the form of serious debates. The doctor is guided in his work by the spirits of a group of famous scientists. He is thoroughly convinced that exorcising a demon results only in passing it on, and has therefore followed the educational method in his practice, for by educating the evil spirit his influence for evil may be overcome once and for all.

Exorcising is a more common method. I witnessed a series of healing services at a certain negro church in which this method was used amid considerable emotional demonstration. It consists of performing certain mesmeric passes in order to gain control over the spirit, and then commanding it to depart.

It is considered necessary for those who would be successful healers to live lives of great self denial and saintliness in order that they may command evil spirits and that these spirits may have no power over them. The patient also must take heed to his morals in order that he may be completely cured and remain well. He must make himself an unsuitable host for an evil spirit.

If a person is sufficiently saintly, it is believed that evil spirits vanish at his aproach, and he may effect instantaneous cures in some cases by merely touching the sufferer. Dr. Bull states that he is forced to make all sorts of sacrifices in order to maintain his power. He also states that he is able to cure certain conditions by placing his hands on the patient. However, he is using the medium and taking notes on the exact details of the procedure in most cases in order to perfect the method for the use of others who may wish to use it and to obtain recorded data on which he hopes to base proof of his contentions.

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What with all this polar stuff in the papers, a lady of our acquaintance thinks that the Philadelphia Exposition has to do with the Sesquimos.

—F.P.A.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

W. K. BASSETT
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 22, 1926

Boost For a Chamber of Commerce

The Cymbal desires to place its unqualified endorsement on the letter of Peter Mawdsley, REALTOR, in last week's issue of the Public Print.

Mr. Mawdsley wants a CHAMBER OF COMMERCE in Carmel. Mr. Mawdsley should have it, and so should all the other REALTORS. It means PROGRESS and PROSPERITY and concrete, and electric signs of welcome to the STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES and motor buses and CO-OPERATION and UNITY and INDUSTRY and a glue factory and traffic signals and stricter dog licenses and cement sidewalks and pool halls and a board walk on the beach and concessions where people can buy peanuts and oil paintings (why not oil paintings? we make 'em here). It means an Odd Fellows' lodge (we've been waiting for an Odd Fellows' lodge) and a Rotary club and the KIWANIS and the Lion Tamers and the Elks and—although this is perhaps looking too far into the glorious future—maybe some day a STATE CONVENTION of the California REALTORS and, who can tell? a CONVENTION of the West-of-the-Rockies REALTORS, and, in some almost unbelievable future, of all the REALTORS in all the United States.....Think of that!

The suggestion of a CHAMBER OF COMMERCE is the first step toward a realization of all this; the actual accomplishment of it (such things as chambers of commerce are accomplished, aren't they?) is the second and most forebod—fortunate step. Once started, with that $108.60 now standing idle in the Bank of Carmel, there is no telling to what lengths it can ultimately go. We place no limit on the possibilities of a CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. What it could accomplish "for the artistic and dramatic activities of this community", as Mr. Mawdsley so aptly puts it, is immeasurable, and we suggest that the artists and the drama-ists "get together", as Mr. Mawdsley also aptly puts it, and boost for a CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. The editor of The Cymbal offers his humble services to draft the resolution of endorsement. But he insists that good, go-getting, representative men and women of the community head the list of signers. He suggests them:—Robinson Jeffers, Jimmie Hopper, Johan Hagemeyer, Dr. A. E. Burton, Jessie Arms Botke, Tilly Polak, . W. Wright, DeNeale Morgan, Ira Remse , Martin Flavin, Charles Van Riper, Willia Ritschel.

A d in closing this editorial approbation of Mr. Mawdsley's thought (we are moved to say: his inspiration) we cannot do better than to quote that gentleman's final and clinching argument, which is:

"If we organize we can share in the county grant to chambers of commerce!"

Give a thought to that!

Retains His Soul

Just recently a very young man with ambitions and money far in excess of his experience and, lamentably, of his brains, collapsed as a newspaper publisher in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Miami, Florida. Cornelius Vanderbilt jumped out of the nest before he had lost his pin feathers, and leaped into the very murky slough of present day American journalism. It would not have resulted in such a debacle—this precipitation of young Vanderbilt into the journalistic mire—if he had had a bit more grey matter and the discretion that generally accompanies it. He endeavored to revolutionize the newspaper profession over night, and this cannot be done over several nights, what with Mr. Hearst continually stirring up the mud and finding enough suscribers who like it. The boy was equipped with nothing but money and a newspaper can eat this up faster than you can feed it with a shovel—Vanderbilt's three newspapers ate it up so fast a clamshell dredger couldn't have satiated them. But, and here is the sunshine in the thing—in his tribulation the young man made plain to the world that he has a soul; one that cannot be tarnished by any such impostors, as Kipling says, as triumph or disaster. From beneath the blanketing demands of creditors, stockholders weeping in ire for their lost funds, the pseudo journalist lifts his typewriter to the surface and indites the following letter to a concern that has with apparent lack of humor mailed him an offer of a yacht for $140,000:

Messrs. Cox & Stevens,
25 Broadway.

Gentlemen:

I have received your letter of April 29, in which you offer the yacht, Vagabondia, for $140,000. Your offer is not acceptable for the following reasons:

First, the yacht is not large enough for our needs. It has a crew of only ten to twelve men, you say. We need at least 120 men on the yacht we buy to take care of our bills, to keep them properly sorted when we put to sea. In the second place, it has only two deck houses. We need more than two deck houses. We need at least eleven deck houses. There is nothing we like better than deck houses and we like plenty of them. You say the forward house contains a dining-room, pantry and galley and also a wireless-room. We do not like the pantry in the dining-room, and it has been the habit of a lifetime to have our wireless nowhere but in the bathroom. Then you say that the owner's room is the full width of the boat. That is not wide enough. We must have the owner's room wider than the width of the boat. The fact that the Vagabondia has one private bath and dressing-room does not interest us at all. We have lived in a big city all our lives and have always had a private bath. Three guests' rooms would be no use. With our creditors and deputy sheriffs, we will need at least eighty guests' rooms. The fact that the quarters are well arranged and beautifully furnished does not interest us because if the yacht we buy should be beautifully furnished it would be too pleasant for the deputy sheriffs. Therefore we want a yacht with no furniture at all.

We are glad to know that the yacht is lighted by electricity, not because we care, but because an old lady told us last week it was lighted by candles. We have no interest whatever in the kind of anchor hoist it has because we never shall use the anchor as we will always have to keep going in order to avoid our obligations. We are interested to know that this yacht will be good for offshore voyages because we are going to try to stay as far offshore as possible. Have you a yacht that would cost, say, $4,820,000 cash? This would interest us because, while we would have no chance of buying it, we could publish that we had been offered a yacht for $4,820,000 and improve our credit with the banks.

It was charming and generous-minded of you to make this offer to us to purchase a yacht in the midst of all our financial difficulties. We need a hall-bedroom and the rent of it and three meals a day and another suit of clothes and a kind judge in the bankruptcy court, but we'd rather have a yacht than any of these things. Do you think you could save this yacht so we could tell Santa Claus about it just before Christmas?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.

Mothers' Day Bunk

Along with Thrift Campaigns, Near-East Relief Drives and Foreign Missions, Mothers' Day is one of the Great American Bunks. It is ghastly what the American people will take into their laps to satisfy a craving for cheap sentiment. The majority of mothers in this broad land would much better appreciate a spontaneous letter during the dull days of January than a silly telegram in the glorious spring of May—a telegram that resulted from the energetic application to business on the part of a Western Union or Postal clerk.

There seems to be what has all the appearance of a serious discussion on Mothers' Day in the columns of the New York World. How ridiculous it all is is apparent when one realizes that the whole thing had its inception at a national convention of florists of America by gentlemen who were thinking more of the seductive murmurs of the dollar than dwelling on memories of soothing lullabyes of childhood. And the telegraph companies paid due homage to the inspiration.

On "Constructive Criticism"

Two weeks have gone by and no solicitous friend has been in with the regulation congratulations on The Cymbal, "but you should be more constructive in your criticism". Apprehending that he or she is on the way we would like to save time and patience by repeating our oft-repeated answer: There is no such thing as constructive criticism. If the man who knows how to tear down worthless and absurd structures knew how to build new ones he would go into he construction business. Sensing the wrong in things is of preliminary importance to knowing how to correct it. You have to clear the lot before you can start a new frame. And God knows there is more work for the wreckers right now than there is for the builders. There has been an unbelievable amount of junk, morally and socially and politically, laid out in the concrete of convictions during the past decade and it needs wrecking. Too, it is apparently more difficult to tear down. Somehow when people build so wrong they build so strong. The false seems so much tighter rivetted than the true.